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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

A Larum for London

Date of Earliest Known Edition . . 1602

[*B.M. C. 34. b. 29*]

Reproduced in Facsimile 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

A Larum for London

1602

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

A Larum for London

1602

Besides the Museum copy of this play, from which this facsimile is reproduced, there is another example in the Bodleian.

"A Larum for London" was the first play dealt with by the late R. Simpson in "The School of Shakespeare." His "Introduction" must not be neglected by the student. Unfortunately, Mr. Simpson's far-reaching and scholarly plan was cut short, almost at the beginning, by early and premature death.

The "foundation" of the play rests, almost by common consent, on a tract of Gascoigne's, entitled "The Spoyle of Antwerpe," he being "present at the same."

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscripts Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copy, reports that the reproduction is generally excellent.

JOHN S. FARMER.

ALARVM
FOR
LONDON,
OR
THE SIEDGE OF
ANTWERPE.

With the ventrous actes and valorous deeds of the lame Soldier.

As it hath been playde by the right Honorable the Lord Charberlaine his Seruants.

LONDON,
Printed for William Ferbrand, and are to be sold at his shop in Popes-head Alley, ouer against the Tauerne doore, neere the Royall-Exchange. 1602.

Prologus.

Enter Time.

ROund through the compaſſe of this earthly ball,
The maſſie ſubſtance hanging in the ſkye,
Hath fleeting Time *purſu'd this froward age;*
And ſearch' the worlds corrupt enormities.
Heere found I ſome, deſpite my hoary ſcalpe,
There found I Courtiers laught my courſe to ſcorne,
In that place daintie mouthed Damſels ſcoffe,
Sticking my feathers with their borrowed plumes,
As though my beauty were not good enough.
And now this faire concourſe heere met together,
That haue calme leaſure to beholde their faultes,
VVithin my furrowed boſome deepe ingrau'd:
Like a ſteele ſorg'd impreſsion (fixed firme)
Are met together: you will ſcorne my wants,
Laugh at my lamenes, looke baſely, fume and frowne:
But doe ſo, doe ſo, your proude eyes ſhall ſee
The puniſhment of Citty cruelty:
And if your hearts be not of Adamant,
Reforme the miſchiefe of degenerate mindes,
And make you weepe in pure relenting kinde.

FINIS.

A Larum for London, or the ſiedge of Antwerpe: with the vertuous actes and valorous deedes of the lame Soldier.

Enter Sancto Danila *and two other Captaines.*

Dani. SO, leaue me now, and in mine abſence, ſee
That not a Soldier pearch vpon the walles;
Leaſt by the Cittizens they be eſpyed,
And thereupon they grow ſuſpicious.
Be gone, and giue the Centenels in charge,
They haue an eye vnto the Southerne Port:
And heare yee? if that any forces come,
Let them be ſtraight receiu'd into the Caſtle,
But with as little tumult as you may.
Cap. It ſhall be done my Lord. *Exeunt.*
Dan. We muſt be ſecret, as befits the care,
And expedition of ſo great a cauſe;
Antwerpe is wealthy, but withall ſecure,
Our Soldiers want the crownes they ſurfet with,
And therefore ſhe muſt ſpare from foorth her ſtore,
To helpe her neighbours; nay ſhe ſhall be forc't,
To ſtrip her of her pouches, and on the backes
Of Spaniſh Soldiers, hang her coſtlieſt roabes.
The plot already is determin'd of,
And ſay *Cornelius* doe but keepe his word;
Theſe ſwilling Epicures ſhall taſte of death,

Whilſt we ſuruiue to rifle their rich Coffers.

Enter Cornelius.

Heere comes the man, welcome *Cornelius*,
I ſee you make religion of your word.

Cor. Speake ſofily good my Lord leaſt yee be heard,
The Cittizens are ſcouting heere about.

Dan. Not one *Cornelius* dare approach ſo neere,
The Caſtle ſhot keepes them in greater awe,
And for diſcouery by the eye, feare not;
Within this valley we may talke at large,
And no man ſee vs: ſay are you reſolu'd,
To ſtand firme friend vnto the Spaniard?
And *Sancto Danila* vowes you ſhall partake,
Both ſpoyle and honour with the beſt of vs.

Cor. Suppoſe my Lord I gaue you my conſent,
In all the world there's not (at my commaund)
Aboue ſixe hundred Almaignes; you your ſelfe,
Are in the Caſtle ſcarce a thouſand ſtrong,
And what are theſe to ſacke ſo great a towne?
So populous and large as *Antweerpe* is.
The Cittizens (were they but politicke,
Carefull and ſtudious to preſerue their peace)
Might at an houres warning, fill their ſtreetes,
With fortie thouſand well appointed Soldiers.

Dan. I, but they are remiſſe and negligent,
Their bodies vſ'd to ſoft effeminate ſilkes,
And their nice mindes ſet all on dalliance;
Which makes them fat for ſlaughter, fit for ſpoile:
But ſay twere otherwiſe that in their peace
And dales of plenty, whilſt they flouriſhed
They had fore-ſeene the daunger might enſue,
And exerciſe themſelues in feates of armes;
Yet wee being ſole commaunders of the Caſtle,
And that commaunding them, what let is there,
(Were we much weaker) but we might preuaile?

When

When once the Alarum ſoundes (like ſilly mice)
They'll hyde them in the crenice of their walles,
And ſome for ignorance, will ſtand amaz'd;
And ſome will be ſo tender of their fleſh,
As they will ſcorne to beare the weight of ſteele,
No, no braue Almaigne if men euer had
A fit occaſion to inrich themſelues,
And fill the vaſt world with their ecchoing fame;
Now is that inſtant put into our hands;
And now may we be Lords of this proude towne:
My minde deuines no leſſe, and till my feete
Tread a venturous meaſure in their ſtrectes,
I ſhall be ſicke to thinke vpon the deed.

Cor. I wiſh my Lord as much as you detaine,
But ſuch an enterprife muſt be well grounded,
Leaſt in performance there be found defect.

Dan. What patient eye can looke vpon yond Turrets,
And ſee the beauty of that flower of *Europe*,
And in't be rauiſht with the ſight of her?
Oh ſhe is amorous as the wanton ayre,
And muſt be Courted: from her noſtrils comes
A breath, as ſweete as the Arabian ſpice.
Her garments are imbrodered with pure golde,
And euery part ſo rich and ſumptuous,
As Indias not to be compar'd to her;
She muſt be Courted, nay her ſelfe inuites,
And beckons vs vnto her ſportfull bed:
What is he then more lumpiſh than rude Iron,
By ſuch a load-ſtarre may not be attempted?
Oh braue *Cornelius*; if within thy vaines,
There be that heate of vallour? I preſume;
Let vs for-ſlowe no time, till wee obtaine
To Reuell in that bower of earthly bliſſe.

Cor. My Lord, what lyes in me yee ſhall diſpoſe,
My Regiment of Almaignes, and my ſelfe,
Will on the firſt aſſaule reuolt to you;

Meane ſpace Ile giue you cloſe intelligence,
Of any thing the Cittizens pretend :
But as I ſaid, what makes this to the ſpoile,
Of ſuch a mighty Citty as this is,
Vnleſſe we be confirm'd with more ſupply?
Dan. Beholde this ſcroule and be reſolu'd in that,
From *Naſtricht* firſt there comes a thouſand horſe,
Beſide fiue hundred foote: vnder the guiding
Of *Don Alanzo de Verdugo*: Then
From *Leyre* doth *Iulian de Romero*, bring
Fiue hundred foote; From *Aelſt* two thouſand more
Follow the conduct of *Emanuell*;
The Duke of *Alua* likwiſe brings his power,
And for a better cullour, to delude
Theſe credulous inhabitants of *Antwerpe*,
He cauſeth it be publiſht he is dead,
And that his Soldiers guard his body hyther,
To haue it ſhipt for Spaine to be interd :
Which well may ſerue to ſhaddow his approach,
The reſt by night ſhall haue their entraunce;
So that within two daies I make account,
We ſhall be gathered to a perfect head,
Of (at the leaſt) ſixe thouſand Spaniards.
Cor. I mary my Lord, this ſoundeth ſomewhat like,
Now dares *Cornelius* promiſe victorie.
But how intendes your Lordſhip to begin,
And giue an entraunce to this buſines?
You know th'Antwerpians neuer yet tooke part,
In any action gainſt his Maieſty,
But haue remain'd as neutrall, neyther ayding
The Prince of *Orenge* nor offending you:
How will you then inkindle flambes of warre,
And take occaſion to commence your quarrell?
Dan. Why any way; it ſhall be thus *Cornelius*,
Ile charge the Maſter Gunner of the Caſtle,
To make a ſhot or two vpon the towne;

And

And when they come to know the cauſe of it,
Ile ſay it was, becauſe they doe not ſincke,
The Prince of *Orenge* ſhips: but ſuffer them
To lye ſo neere within the Lyuer Skalde,
Which notwithſtanding, we preciſely know,
Doe houer there about, to no end elſe,
But to ſafe conduct victuals to the towne.
Yet this excuſe will ſerue to cloake our hate,
And ſhew ſome reaſon for what after follows.

Cor. It cannot be but good my noble Lord,
And ſhortly (as their dayly cuſtome is)
Changing the Gouernor and other Burgers,
Intend a ſolemne banquet at the State-houſe.
Euen then, and at that place, giue you direction,
The Gunner take his Leuill; twill affright,
And ſtrike the greater terror to their ſoules.

Dan. Enough, Ile play them Muſicke to their meate,
And ſend ſuch Reuellers into the roome,
As ſome of them ſhall haue carouſt their laſt,
The moſt I craue, is that *Cornelius*
Will be as conſtant as he hath profeſt.

Cor. Once more my Lord I gage my hand with yours,
And as he is a Soldier and a Knight,
Cornelius vowes to be a friend to Spaine.

Dan. I take thy word faire Knight, and backe againe
Returne the like to thee; both I and mine,
For euer vow to loue and honour thee:
Now breake we off our ſecret conference,
And cloſely as we came vnto this place,
So let vs circumſpectly make retreate.
Walke thou into the towne as if thou hadſt
But only come abroad to take the ayre,
I to the Caſtle will with-draw my ſelfe
Downe ſome backe way, and euer as we need,
Be this our meeting place, till *Antwerpe* bleed.

Cor. Farewell my Lord, *Cornelius* is agreed. *Exeunt*

Enter

Enter Danila *and the* Gunner.

Dan. What Ordinance haue you laden on that part?
Gun. A Faulcon and two Harguebuz of Crocke.
Dan. What telſt thou me of Harguebuz of Crocke?
A poxe vpon your raſcall ſquibs and crackers,
Haue you been loading all this day till now,
And come you with your Harguebuz of Crocke?
A plague vpon't.
Gun. My Lord, blame your direction: neuertheleſſe,
Not full aſſured of your Lordſhips pleaſure,
We haue raiſ'd the Cannons that came laſt from *Harlam*,
And planted them this morning for the purpoſe.
Dan. Twas well aduiſ'd; but Gunner for what part?
Gun. That's as it pleaſe your Honour to direct,
Dan. That's for the State-houſe Gunner, where the Duch
Sit ſwilling in the pride of their exceſſe;
Commend vs to them, tell them we haue ſent
Muſicke to make them merry at their Feaſt:
Goe bid thy full-mouth'd Cannon, much good doo't them.
Should we diſcharge ſome ſcuruie Culuering,
They'll thinke we are about ſome fire-worke,
To make them ſport with.
For ſure they fall a ſleepe vpon full ſtomackes,
Shoote me their State-houſe through both the ſides,
And tell them thou didſt it for their health,
To keepe them waking.
Gun. I warrant you my Lord, Ile peirce her ſides,
Or neuer thinke me worke-man whilſt I liue. *Exit.*
Dan. I will not ſtirre till I haue heard the ſhot.
Goe light thy Linckſtocke at ſome helliſh brand,
To ſend black vengeance to that hated towne;
Let euery corne of powder be a ſpirit,
Thy mortall ayme as ominous as death,
And neuer a ſplinter that he Bullet ſtrikes,

But

But let it prooue a very murdering piece,
Amongſt the Burgers at their Banqueting,
To vomit horred plagues vpon them all.
The peice diſcharges.
There be thou like the Club of *Hercules*,
Amongſt the Bouzing Bacchanalian centures,
To beate their Reniſh Cannes about their eares.
A great ſcreeke heard within.
Good lucke I hope, hark how the ſodaine noyſe
Incountring with the Cannons loude report,
Stops his full mouth, with the reuerberate ſound,
And fils the circle of the emptie ayre.

Enter two Burgers running.

1 Bur. The Shot what from the Caſtle queſtionleſſe.
2 Bur. The ſmoke and the report may tell you ſo.
1 Bur. And certainly intended at our liues.
2 Bur. Call to the Gouernour.
1 Bur. Hee's walking heere without the Caſtle ſtay,
The Cittizens haue ſent me to demaund,
On what occaſion, or by whoſe commaundement,
You haue diſcharg'd this ſhot vpon the towne?
Dan. At my commaund Sir, what is that to you?
2 Bur. Then thy command (I tell thee *Sancto Danila*)
Is deuiliſh and vnchriſtian;
Which paſſing through the State-houſe of the Cittie,
Hath ſlaine three perſons.
Dan. Three froathy Reniſh fats that haue drunk dead,
Or in their cuppes haue falne to cutting throates,
And fearing that it would be noiſ'd abroad,
To couer your foule Beſtiall Gurmandize,
Giue it out to be a ſhot ſent from the Caſtle.
1 Bur. That men are ſlaine wee'll not expoſtulate,
But Gouernor, was it by your commaundement?
Dan. Tell me you men of *Antwerpe*,
If you doe ſtartle at a Cannons burſt,

Why ſuffer you the Prince of *Orenge* Ships,
To ride vpon the riuer at their pleaſure?
And with their fleering tops to mocke our Fames,
The whilſt the Sconſes which doe ſlancke the Riuer,
Serue but for Fiſhers to vnlead their nets;
Whilſt Cankering ruſt, deuoures your emptie Cannons:
And they lye hulling vp and downe the ſtreame?
Burgers of *Antwerpe* anſwere me to this.

2 Bur. They be of *Zealand*, and the Prince of *Orenge*
Hath euer been a friend vnto the State.

Dan. But enemy vnto the King my Maſter;
Therefore they ſhall not ride vpon the ryuer;
Which if your owne ſecurity doe ſuffer,
Wee'll make our Ban-dogs to awake your towne.

2 Bur. Is that the cauſe and reaſon of your ſhot?

Dan. Burger it is.

2 Bur. You ſhould haue ſent vs word of your diſlike:

Dan. Why ſo we did, did we not ſend our poaſt
Euen now vnto you?
And wrapt our Packet in a ball of lead?
I thinke we ſent a bolde Embaſſador,
That ſpoke our minde in thunder: did he not?
You might before haue knowne of our diſlike,
But that we did perceiue you would not ſee,
Twas well you heard of vs.

A ſignet ſounded, enter two with mourning perſons: a Drum ſounding a dead march: Dalua *carried vpon a horſe couered with blacke: Soldiers after, traylling their Pykes.*

No Cittizens of *Antwerpe*, this the cauſe
That makes you careleſſe and neglect our power;
The death of Princelie *Dalua*, had he liu'd,
The Fleete of *Orenge* had not traded thus,
Nor brau'd our Caſtle.

Enter

Enter two or three Citizens running.

2 *Cit.* I pray God they meane not to aſſault the towne.

2 *Cit.* Tis *Daluas* Body brought vnto the Caſtle.

3 *Cit.* I would he had come thus, when he came firſt Into theſe Countries.

1 *Cit.* So would I, what's become of this damned fiend?

2 *Cit.* Let the deuill looke to that, for he has moſt right to him.

3 *Cit.* I would the cowe hyde were off, wee might ſee the foure quarters.

1 *Cit.* A plague goe with him.

2 *Cit.* There will be olde tryumphing in hell.

3 *Cit.* There will be olde ſupping of boyling leade.

1 *Cit.* That *Dalua* was a bloudy villaine.

2 *Cit.* He was worſe then the Spaniſh inquiſition.

3 *Cit.* Well, if euer man would haue eaten vp the Caniballes, twas he.

1 *Cit.* I feare nothing but one.

2 *Cit.* What's that?

1 *Cit.* That the people will curſe him out of's graue.

2 *Cit.* I am glad they haue curſt him into it.

3 *Cit.* Well, it was neuer heard that *Dalua* was dead, But there was ſome notable villanie followed it.

1 *Cit.* What doſt thou thinke he will reuiue againe?

2 *Cit.* If he doe, the deuil's on't, Ile neuer truſt death on's word for a halfe pennie.

3 *Cit.* Come, wee'll mourne in ſacke for him. *Exeunt.*

Bur. Come, let's retyre our ſelues into the State-houſe, Tis *Daluas* body brought into the Caſtle. *Exeunt*

Dan. March neerer to the Caſtle with your hearſe, Before you ſet it downe.

Alu. in the hearſe. What are thoſe villaines gone that rayl'd vpon me?

Sould. They are my Lord.

Alu. Set downe and let me light,

He comes from vnder the hearſe.

I would not heare my ſelfe againe ſo rayl'd on,
Nor for halfe *Belgia*.
Zwounds the dogs barke at me, a plague vpon them all,
I thinke they doe not hate the Deuill ſo;
Dalua is neuer nam'd but with a curſe,
I thinke but theſe ronges, this is a tyme to dye,
And heare theſe damned dogs reuile me thus:
Well, I am dead, but *Aluas* ſpirit (ere long)
Shall haunt your ghoſtes, and with a fatall troope,
Come in the dreadfull night about your walles,
Grimme death did neere affright the fearfull martiall,
As I will fright theſe Bouzing Begians:
Whoſe that aboue? Lord *Sancto Danlas*.
Dan. My Lord of *Alua*, enter the Caſtle.
Alua *enters and his troope.*
Enter Alonzo Verdugo, *and his Soldiers with a ſtill march.*

O the Lord *Verdugo*, and his Regiment,
From *Maſtricht*? tis well.

Enter Iulian Romero, *and his power with a ſtill march.*

Iulian Romero and his Regiment from *Leyre*?
My Lord *Romero* where is *Don Emanuell*?
To bring the power that we expect from *Aſt*.
Rom. Who's that? Lord *Sancto Danlas*?
Hee's entred on the other ſide the Caſtle,
With all his power.
Dan. Not yet full ten, my minde prefageth good,
Antwerpe ere night, ſhall bath her ſelfe in bloud. *Exunt.*

Enter Marques d'Hauurye, Egmount, Champaigne, Van End *and his Page: Engliſh Gouernor and one Burger.*

Mar. Monſieur *Champaigne*, great *Antwerpes* Gouer-
Will you refuſe theſe faire and freſh ſupplyes? (nour,

Sent

ſent from the Prince of *Orenge* and the States,
Vnder our Conduct for your Cities guard?
Cham. Lord *Marques Hauurye*, we reiect them not,
Nor yet neglect the loue of that great Prince,
And our kinde friend the Co-vnited States:
But ſince we haue no neede of ſuch a power,
Why ſhould we peſter *Antwerpe* with ſuch troupes,
To ſpend the victuals of the Cittizens,
Which we can ſcarcely compaſſe now for gilt.
Egm. The Prince & States will furniſh yee with ſtore,
To feede the Army and relieue the Towne.
Cham. It may be ſo,
Bur. And it may not be ſo.
Mar. Our words and honours be engag'd for it.
Eng. Gou. Vnder correction my Lord Gouernour,
The *Marquet* and Count *Egmonts* noble words,
(Although the Prince of *Orenge* and the States
Should be forgetfull) were a pawne of worth.
Mar. What ſayes the Colloñell of the Almaines to it?
Van. This is *Van Ends* opinion my good Lord,
That the rich promiſe of ſuch noble Peeres,
As *Marques Hauurie* and Count *Egmont* are,
Is pawne enough for all the Cities wealth.
Bur. The Almaine lyes, wealth is worth more than
wordes. *Standing aſide.*
Cham. I way their promiſe with my ſound beliefe,
And tye my thoughts to their aſſured truſt,
Yet are there many reaſons of import,
To barre your Armies entrance to this towne.
Egm. The graund obiection is decyded.
Cham. True.
Egm. The leſſer then are eaſily refeld.
Cham. Suppoſe the Prince & States do Victuall them,
Yet their diſorder in our Ciuell ſtreetes,
May be pernitious, and breede mutinie.
Mar. By this ſuppoſall you enfeeble vs,

And taxe our worth with indiſcretion,
As though our skill and our Authority,
Stood vpon baſes of weake diſcipline.
Bur. We ſaid not ſo, and yet their ryotings,
May tayne our wiues and ieoperdize our wealth.
Van. In ſilence be it my Lord, you need thē not. *To cham*
Egm. All ryots ſhall be death by martiall law, (*aſide.*
And all commaunders, ſhall be vigilent
Ouer their troopes, that order may be kept.
Cham. My Lords of *Egmount* and of *Hauurye*,
What are your numbers?
Mar. Iuſt 3000. foote,
One thouſand horſe, 800. at the leaſt.
Eng Gou. An honourable tender of true friends,
To ſend ſuch ayde for ſafeguard of your Citty. (*Aſide.*
Bur. Twill ſhake our bags too much to pay ſo many.
Cham. At whoſe expence ſhall all this army reſt?
Egm. Some part your ſelues, ſome part the Prince will pay.
Cham. Sixe hundred Almaignes are our gariſon,
A guard ſufficient to defende our walles,
And men enough, becauſe we need no more.
Bur. And they too many to be paide by vs.
Van. O may theſe ſlaues refuſe this ſuccour ſent,
Their myſerie ſhall bring their miſerie. *Aſide.*
Mar. Count Egmont, ſurelie *Antwerpe* is bewitcht,
Securitie hath ſlaine their prouidence, *Take* Egm. *aſide*
And riches makes them retchles of their friends;
We muſt aſſume the charge vpon our ſelues,
And pray the Prince and States to beare the pay;
Or elſe their priuate auarice, will pull
Publicke deſtruction on this flower of townes,
To the diſgrace of all the Netherlands.
Egm. I will make tender of ſo much to them,
Two monthes the Prince of *Orenge* and the States,
And we our ſelues, will pay foure thouſand men:
If after ward, our powers be not of vſe,

We

We ſhall withdraw them to their Prouinces.
May this content you curious Cittizens?
Cham. The offer is ſo Honorable now,
As modeſtly, we cannot challenge it:
Captaine *Cornelius* what's your counſell?
Van. This:
Say, that you feare the Spaniards will conceiue *Aſide to*
Some high diſpleaſure, if you take them in, *Champ.*
My Lords theſe fat purſ'd peaſants are ſo proude,
Friends and defence, are leſſe eſteem'd then pelfe.
Mar. Gouernor of *Antwerpe*, how are you reſolu'd?
Cham My Lords, the Prince of *Orenge* and your ſelues,
And all the States deſerue our dutious loue
And humble ſeruice: firſt, for ſending power,
Then promiſing pay and victuals for that power:
But with your pardon, yet there is a let,
That makes vs loath to take your armie in,
Egm. What let *Champaigne*?
Champ. The Spaniſh Gouernor,
Danila, commaunder of the Caſtle heere,
If we receiue your troopes into our Towne,
Will iudge we haue ſome purpoſe of reuolt,
And raiſing armes againſt the King of Spaine.
Mar. What if he doe?
Cham. His fierie ſpirit enflam'd,
Will ſend out bullets from the Cittadell,
And teare the ſumptuous buildings of our towne.
Bur. As late he did when we were banqueting,
And thought no harme, but drinking health to health,
He ſhot, and ſlew ſome innocent poore ſoules,
And rent our State-houſe and ſome buildings elſe.
Van. Hee'll rend you better if our purpoſe holde.
Egm. What was the cauſe?
Cham. Becauſe we did not ſincke,
The Prince of *Orenge* Ships, that lay to waft
Prouiſion to our Citty vp the Riuer.

Eng. Gouer. Obſerue by that you diſcreete Gouernors,
What loue or faith the Spaniard holdes with you,
That for his pride would haue your Citty pine;
Hauing deſtroy'd the corne on Flaunders ſide,
And croſſ'd a bridge of Conuoy to your towne;
Then that the Riuer ſhould not victuall you,
He wiſh'd you ſinke that ſhipping in the *Skelt*.
Egm. Collect by this the Spaniards crueltie,
Who though occaſion ſhould not come from you,
Would picke a quarrell for occaſion,
To ſacke your Cittie, and to ſucke your bloud,
To ſatisfie his pride and luxurie:
Let *Harlem*, *Marſtricht*, *Alſt* example you,
And many Cities models of his wrath,
Thinke on my Father and the Countie *Horne*,
Whoſe tragedie, if I recount with ruth,
May mooue the ſtones of *Antwerpe* to relent.
They ſeru'd the Spaniard as his Liedge-men ſworne,
Yet, for they did but wiſh their countrie good,
He pickt a quarrell, and cut off their heades.
Burgers the Spaniard waites to take your liues,
That he may ſpoyle your towne, your wealth, your wiues
Eng. Gou. Receiue your friends, preuent his treachery,
Leaſt vnawares you taſte his tirranye.
Mar. What benefit (good Country-men) gaine we,
That proſtitute our fortunes and our bloud,
In your defence?
Cham. Say, ſhall we let them in?
Vap. In troth I thinke the Spaniard meanes no harme.
Cham. Meane what he may, wee'll not offend ſuch friends,
As theſe, the Prince of *Orange* and the State,
Your Armie is at *Kibdorpe* Port you ſay?
Mar. There ſtay our forces.
Cham. We will let them in,
And quarter them with all conuenient ſpeede,
Van End draw vp your Almaignes to one place,

And

And keep good rule for feare of ciuill braules,
And now my Lords I will attend on you.
Exeunt Champ. Marq. Egm.
Bur. I will attend to locke and guard my doores,
And keepe my wealth, my wife, and daughter ſafe,
For feare theſe hungry ſoldiers get a ſnatch. *Exit.*
Manet Van and his boy.
Van. Yonker come heere, haſte to the Caſtle wall,
And call to ſpeake with *Sancho Danila*,
Tell him from me, the Flies begin to ſwarme,
The Sunne growes hot, the heards do ſhake their hornes,
The Shepheards bring great flockes home to the folde,
Say, if the Butcher ſlaughter not in time,
The beaſtes will ſurfet, and the Soldiers pyne,
Therefore begin before one glaſſe be runne,
And we ſhall win ere ſetting of the Sunne:
Remember this, be ſecret and away. *Exit boy.*
Now (*Antwerpe*) comes the Spaniards holly-day,
With them ioyne I, my ſhare is in the gold,
I runne with the Hare, and with the hound I holde,
This Sunday ſhall be diſmall to the towne,
The Burgers dye, their gallant wiues goe downe.
As he is going out Stumpe encounters him.

Enter Burger, Champaigne, *and their wiues.*

Bur. Afore good wife, I feare that all's not well,
Monſieur Champaigne what's your opinion?
Cham. Doubtles, the Spaniards do intend ſome hurt,
Harke how the tumult ſtill increaſeth?
Wife. For ſhame,
Be not ſo fearefull, ſay that for ſome offence,
Eyther commenced, or but in conceipt;
The Spaniards were maliciouſlie incenſ'd:
Haue yee not Soldiers to withſtand their force?
What ſhould you need to be ſolicitous,

Keepe yee within.

Bur. Nay wife thou doſt miſtake,
If thou imagine we intend to fight;
Tis not our meaning, we are at the charge
To pay them monthly, wherefore ſhould not they
Be at the care to ſee the Cittie ſafe?

2 Wif. The Citty's ſafe enough without their care,
Will you to dinner?

Cham. Wherefore ſhoote they thus,
Vnleſſe there were ſome villanie abroach?

2 Wif. Wherefore ſhoote they but to trye their peeces,
I warrant you husband tis no otherwiſe.

Enter Marques *with his ſword drawne.*

Bur. Heere comes the *Marques* he can tell the newes.

Cham. The cauſe my Lord of this inteſtine vproare?

Mar. The cauſe is murder, miſerie and death:
You men of *Antwerpe*, if with all the ſpeede
And expedition, that in men remaines,
You take not weapons to repulſe the foe,
That like a ſwarme of deadlie ſtinging Hornets,
Haue all this while lay hid within their neſt;
But now doe flye abroad with dreadfull noiſe,
As if ſo many Furies were awakt.
To armes then all that loue your Countries peace.

Bur. How doe ye meane my Lord? or who are thoſe
Your Lordſhip ſhadowes vnder-neath the name
Of ſwarming Hornets?

Mar. Are you ſo dull of ſence?
And ſtill ſo lull'd in your ſecuritie?
Whom ſhould I meane, but bloudie *Parma*,
And furious *Alua* his compeere in armes,
That fill the Caſtle yard with their Battilions,
And ſtriue to take poſſeſſion of your ſtreetes:
To armes then ſtraight, if you will keep them backe. *Exit.*

Bur. Iſt like that *Alua* is reuiu'd againe?

1 Wif. As

1 Wif. As like as he intendes to take the towne.
Chsm. But I ſuſpect there is ſome treacherie.
2 wif. Will you beleeue his words, he doth but ieſt,
To try how we will take it if twere ſo.
Champ. Nay by his lookes and by his ſodaine haſte,
It ſhould appeare the Marques doth not ieſt.

Enter Egmont *and* Stump.

Egm. To armes to armes, oh where's the Gouernor?
Giue order that your Cittizens prepare,
To ſtand vpon their guard, defend themſelues,
For whom you truſted, turnes his weapons point
Vpon your boſomes: all the Almaigne force,
Is quite reuolted, and the enemie
Entring your ſtreetes: *Van End* that damned ſlaue,
Giues ayde to Spaine, and with his trayterous hand
Drawes in deſtruction, if you looke not to it. (Trenches?
Chsm. Where are the Switzers ſhould ſupply the
Egm. Drunke in their lodgings, and in reeling ſooth,
The Spaniards (vnreſiſted) murder them:
For honors ſake, for wretched *Antwerps* ſake,
Stand not amazed, but with couragious hearts,
And forward hands, fight for your libertie. *Exit.*
Stum. Are yet your eye-lids open, are you yet
Awak't out of the ſlumber you were in?
Or will you ſtill lye ſnorting in your ſloath?
Be ſtill perſwaded you are ſafe enough?
Vntill the verie inſtant, you doe feele
Their naked ſwoords glide through your weaſond-pipes?
Or doe you thinke with belching puffes, that fly
From your full paunches, you can blow them backe?
Or is the bottome of a deepe carouſe,
Able to drowne them? will their furie melt
At the beholding of your daintie wiues?
Or can ſubmiſſion be a ſtickler
In theſe hot braules? I tell ye burgers no,

Faire words will be as oyle to burning pitch;
And golde as Sulpher to inkindled flames,
Your daughters chaſtitie muſt quench their luſt;
And your deare wiues, inrich their lawleſſe armes:
I ſaid as much, but would not be beleeu'd,
Now tell me if I prophecied aright?
Or that my zealous words deſeru'd rebuke?
Did I not ſay, the Crocadile did weepe,
But to obtaine his pray? the Sea looke ſmooth,
But for a ſtorme: would any thing be thought,
By the cloſe confluence of the Spaniſh troopes
Into the Caſtle, but ſome maſſacre?
Yet was I rated to obiect as much,
Reuil'd and baſled for my loyaltie:
Cham. I prethee Soldier, leaue thy bitter words,
And helpe to fight for *Antwerpes* libertie.
Stump. You haue another groate to giue me then,
I know your liberall mindes will ſcorne t'impoſe,
The ſweat of bloudie daunger on the brow
Of any man, but you'l reward him for it:
He ſhall at leaſt (when he hath loſt his limmes)
Be ſent for harbour to a ſpittle-houſe.
How ſay yee, ſhall he not? Good reaſon then,
But we ſhould venture; yes, to laugh at you,
Whilſt we beholde the Spaniard cut your throates:
An obiect baſe mechanicke ſet aworke;
A ſwettie Cobler, whoſe beſt induſtrie,
Is but to cloute a Shoe, ſhall haue his fee;
But let a Soldier, that hath ſpent his bloud,
Is lame'd, unſeaſ'd, or any way diſtreſt,
Appeale for ſuccour, then you looke a ſconce
As if you knew him not; reſpecting more
An Oſtler, or ſome drudge that rakes your kennels,
Than one that fighteth for the common wealth.
Bur. It is thy Countrie that doth binde thee to it,
Nor any impoſition we exacte.

Stum. Bindes

Stum. Bindes me my country with no greater bondes,
Than for a groate to fight? then for a groate,
To be infeebled, or to looſe a limme?
Poore groates-worth of effection; Well, Ile learne
To pay my debt, and to meaſure my deſert
According to the rate: a groate I had,
And ſo much as a groate amounts vnto you,
My ſwoord ſhall pay ye in exchange of blowes. *Exit.*

Enter two Cittizens.

Cham. Cittizens, how now?

1 Cit. Oh *Monſieur Champaigne*,
We are vndone for want of diſcipline.

2 Cit. The Spaniards hurrie into euerie ſtreete,
What ſhall we doe for ſafeguard of our liues?

Bur. What ſhall yee doe? ſtand euery man at's doore,
And take in's hand a Holbert or browne bill,
And ſtudie to defend him as he may.

Cha. I heare them comming, let vs ſhift away. *Exeunt*

In the Alarum, Alua *and* Danila *purſue* Marques Hauurie, *and* Count Egmont *furiouſlie.*

Alu. *Marques* & *Hauurie* ſtay, thou canſt not ſcape.

Dan. And ſtay Count *Egmont*; *Danilaes* conquering
Purſues thy life, therfore abide and yeeld it. (ſword,

Mar. Inſatiate *Alua*, that like Sun-rift ground,
Neuer ſuffis'd with ſweeteſt ſhewers that fall,
But with a thouſand mouthes gapes ſtill for more.
So thy deſire of bloud nere ſatisfied,
With the rich tribute of ſo many liues,
Whoſe guiltles bloud hath dyed poore *Belgias* cheekes,
And chang'd her like a drunken Bacchanall,
Still with a thouſand quenchles appetites,
Doſt thirſt for more, as if that epithite
Were the ſole obiect of thy hearts beſt hopes.

Know Tyrant, *Marques Hauurie* flyes thee not,
As fearing all the vttermoſt thou canſt,
But the oppreſſion of vnequall power,
Falſe treaſon, that betrayed our liues to thee,
And the ſharpe ſcourge, that fond ſecuritie,
Hath iuſtlie throwne on *Antwerpes* wilfulnes
Egm. Theſe are the ſluices that haue brought on vs,
The ſwelling pride and tyranie of Spaine,
Which *Antwerpe* careles off, although fore-warnde
By many bleeding inſtances about her,
Could not; nay, would not be aduiſ'd at all.
Tell me but this, *Alua* and *Danila* both,
What ſtate is there, be it nere ſo populare,
Abounding in the height of fortunes giftes;
And all felicities of worldlie Pompe,
That ſees ſad deſolation ſit in teares,
Vpon her neighbour Cities? warres keene edge,
Hath furrowed through their entrailes, let them blood,
In euerie arture that maintaineth life,
Yet will not dread her danger to be neere?
But wat me her at their fiers, ſing at their ſighes,
Reuelling in her countleſſe vanities,
As a perpetuall date were ſet thereon.
Tell me I ſay, you that haue ſeene all this,
And as deuils, Saints in the blacke Kallender
Of wretcheſt woe may truelie be ſet downe,
As Authors of theſe ſad confuſions?
Doe not you deeme that ſtate well worth the illes,
That this remiſſenes brought vpon the reſt? (*mont.*
Mar. They cannot but confeſſe ſo much Count *Eg-*
Eg. If this be graunted, what's your glorie then?
An armed man to kill an naked ſoule:
A thouſand Sickles thruſt into a field,
Of Summer ripened and reſiſtles corne:
A mightie tide to ouer-run a land,
Where no defence or bancke to keepe it backe?

This

This is your honor, this their miſerie,
That are not conquer'd, but dye wilfullie.
Alu. Warre taketh holde on all aduantages.
Mar. What neede aduantage, where is no reſiſt?
Dan. So much the better, this is our diſcipline,
Therefore ſubmit or dye.
Mar. Not while I haue a hand to lift my ſwoord,
Alu. Nor you Count *Egmont*?
Egm. *Alua*, nor I.
Egmont will with honour both liue and dye.

The Alarum againe, and Champaigne *is purſued in by* Romero, Verdugo *and* Van End, *where he is ſlaine: ſo is the* Marques Hauurie, *and all enginring Count* Egmont, Alua *ſteps to defend him, & they ſtrike at him.*

Alu. Holde when I bid ye; ſtrike yee all at mee?
Dan. Why ſtands thou then to guard an enemie?
Alu. Becauſe I will, honor ènciteth me to it,
The honor of this worthie Noble-man,
And his high ſpirit euen in the face of death.
Yeeld thee braue *Egmont*, *Alua* doth intreate thee,
In pittie of thy bolde aduenturous youth,
And hopefull Fortunes ſhining in thine eyes,
Thou ſeeſt theſe ſlaine, yet will I ſaue thy life:
Thou ſeeſt me wounded to preſerue thy life.
I that was neuer pittifull before,
Am forc'd to pitty thee, what wouldſt thou more?
Egm. Such pitty *Alua*, as thou ſhewedſt my Father,
And Noble *Horne*, ſuch thou intendſt to me,
Therfore proceede & neuer pitty me. *They offer at him agen*
Alu. Strike not I charge ye: come *Egmont* come,
I ſweare that thou ſhalt yeeld; ſtrike, ſpare me not,
Alas thou art too faint; come, yeeld thee now, *Striuing to*
Ifaith I will not hurt thee: So, haue done; *get againe*
Nay, no more weapons, thou art my priſoner. *his weapons*

And

And I will vſe thee verie honorablie.
Egm. *Alua*, let foorth my life, & then thou honorſt mē
Alu. Not for the world, priſoner thou ſhalt to Spaine,
And there be entertain'd to thy deſertes.
Now pittie, packe from *Aluaes* hart againe,
Againſt my nature once I lookt on thee,
For this Counts ſake: now to the deſarts flye,
For hauocke, ſpoile and murder now I crye. *Exeunt.*

Champaignes *wife hurried by two raſcall Soldiers.*

Lad. Haue mercie on a woman I beſeech you,
As you are men and Soldiers:
If you be chriſtians doe not doe me ſhame.
1 Sold. Search her.
2 Sold. Zwounds turne her inſide outward.
1 Sold. Ranſacke her, euerie part of her.

Enter Stump.

La. For manhood ſpare me. *They ſtand to ſearch her.*
Stu. How nimble death be-ſtirs him euery where,
And I that am a wearie of my life,
And would faine dye I cannot,
Death is ſo proude he will not looke on me,
Theſe mud die rogues that hoorded vp their coyne,
Now haue their throates cut for the coyne they haue:
They that for two pence would haue ſeene me ſtarue,
And ſtill my olde rotten ſtump and I,
Trot vp and downe as long as we can wag.
They begin to ſtrip her.
La. As you are men be mercifull to me.
1 Sol. Caſt lots who ſhall haue her.
2 Sol. Ile giue thee my ſhare for thy part.
1 Sol. Ile haue my ſhare in her.
2 Sol. Off with her Iewel:
Stum. How now, two Soldiers ranſacking a woman?

Otis

O tis *Champaignes* wife that was the Gouernor,
Heere is ſhe, that would not haue been ſeene
with a moath vpon her, for a thouſand pound;
That ſpent as much on Munkeys, Dogs and Parrets,
As would haue kept ten Soldiers all the yeere.
Zblood I haue ſeene her, where I haue paſt by her
In the ſtreetes, to ſtop her noſe with her ſweete gloues,
For feare my ſmell ſhould haue infected her;
And now I liue to ſee her lug'd, and torne
By lowzie totter'd roagues: O *Antwerpe*, *Antwerpe*,
Now Madame *Marchpaigne*, minx, your Blowes
And you are one.

1 Sol. Lets haue her in the next corner.

2 Sold. Draw her along,

Stum. Take that ſhe has it is ſufficient,
But goe no further, it is inhumaine to abuſe a woman.

1 Sol. What roague art thou, darſt ſpeake vnto a Spaniard?

Stumpe. No roague Sir, but a Soldier as you are,
And haue had one leg more then I haue now.
Pointing to his leg.
Sir, heer's my Paſport, I haue knowne the warres, (heere.
And haue had the vantage of as faire a ſpoile as you haue

2 Sol. Away you whorſon cripple raſcall.

Stu. You totter'd ſhake-rag'd roagues, what domi-
If *Daluas* ſelf were heere, he ſhould not doe it. (neere you?
He drawes his ſword, killes one, and the other flyes.

La. Good Soldier, heer's one Iewell that they haue not
That I doe vallue at a thouſand crownes,
I pray thee take it.

Stum. What ſhould I doe with it, can you tell?
To haue my throate cut for it, ha:
No, no, your Sifter Mince-pies groate
Will doe me no pleaſure now.

La. For Gods loue, as you euer did reſpect a woman,
Helpe to conuay me to ſome place of ſafetie.

Stum. Where is it? not in *Antwerpe*,
Your cloſet will not ſerue your turne,
You cannot walke to your garden-houſe.
La. For Gods ſake helpe me as you are a man.
Stump. Well, follow me, Ile doe the beſt I can.

A company of raſcall Soldiers came heere purſuing the Ladie, he fightes and beares her away from them all.

After a triumphant ſhout within, enter Alua, Danila, Romero, Verdugo, Van End, *with their Rapiers drawne, crying.*

All. Victorie, victorie, *Antwerpe* and victorie.
Alu. So valliant Lords, this Muſicke likes me well,
Now may we boldely ſay the towne is ours:
Yet ſheath not your victorious ſwoords awhile,
Till you haue reapt the Harueſt of your paine,
In which purſuite, torture, exacte and kill,
No leſſe then in your fury you haue done.
If ſhe proude *Antwerpers* (that doe ſuruiue)
Lay not their treaſure at your conquering feete,
Don. Though no reſiſtance any where appeare,
Yet let not anger ſo decline with you:
Be proude of victorie, as well ye may,
Knowing the worth of your attained prize.
Tis wealthie *Antwerpe* you haue won, and how?
Not by a lingering ſiedge, of monthes or yeares,
But in a moment; entring at a leauen,
By two a clocke her haughtie pride is ſhrunke,
And ſhe in duetie ſtoopeth to your will.
Alu. Can any heere report the certaine number,
Of thoſe that haue been ſlaine during the conflict?
Ro. I had a note my Lord, as I remember,
The number of the dead, by vs cut off,

Is ſeauenteene thouſand.

Dan. But of our men,
How many fell there in this ſhort aſſault?

Ro. Three hundred, or not manie more my Lord.

Alua. For thoſe three hundred, let ten thouſand more,
Of this ſubiected Cittie looſe their liues,
Chaine them together in the Market place,
By hundreds and two hundreds: and with ſhot,
Ring them about vntill they all be ſlaine,
Spare neither widdow, matron, nor young maide,
Gray-bearded Fathers, nor the babe that ſuckes.
One Spaniards bloud, I value better worth,
Then many hundreds of theſe drunken Dutch.

Ver. Firſt, if it pleaſe yee, quarter we the towne,
That euerie one may know his priuiledge.

Alu. Well thought vpon *Verdugo*: thus it ſhall be.
The Burſe, the State-houſe, and the Market place,
Belongs to me: the Caſtle and that ſide,
To *Sancto Damia*: on the other hand
The key, and water-port (*Verdugo*) is yours.
Saint Georges port, and Kibdop, we aſſigne
To Lord *Romero*: and for you *Van End*,
The North part of the Cittie, Venus ſtreete,
Remaines the ſubiect of deſired ſpoile:
So Lords, if I haue well deuided, ſpeake;
If not, you ſhall be pleaſ'd before we part?

Dan. Your Lordſhip hath diſcreetelie caſt our lots,
And for my part, I doe accept of mine.

Ro. So doth *Romero*.

Ver. And *Verdugo* too.

Van. And I no leſſe, than who is beſt content.

Alu. About it then, be euerie one as quicke,
In rifling of theſe rich Burgers, as he was
In the aſſault: the world may talke of vs,
As well for vallor, as our quicke diſpatch.

Da. My Soldiers and my ſelf will ſtraight begin. *Exit*

Rom. And mine ſhall follow. *Exit.*
Cor. Ile not be behinde. *Exit.*
Alua. What will *Verdugo*?

Enter Engliſh Gouernor and Godfry.

Ver. Not be Idle long,
But who are theſe ſo ſawcily intrude?
Alua. Who are ye? ſpeake, that like vnbidden gueſts,
Dare tempt the patience of incenſed *Alua*?
Gou. We are of England (Caſtiles Generall)
Alu. Of England are ye? what although you be,
Backe ſlaues vnto the doore from whence ye came,
And on your knees ſollicite *Aluaes* greatnes:
If you doe looke for mercie at his hands. (knees,
Ver. Backe when he bids you; now downe vpon your
And craule vnto his preſence to beg life.
Alu. *Verdugo*, drag him by the long tail'd beard,
Alua doth ſcorne to waite vpon their leaſure.
Ve. Come forward with a pox; now ſpeake your mind,
And ſpeake diſcreetlie, leaſt you ſpeake your laſt.
Gou. This crueltie is more then we deſerue,
And more than we expected would be ſhowne.
Alu. Taxe ye me then with crueltie ſo ſoone?
You ſhall haue cauſe. *Offers to ſtrike.*
Ver. Nay heare them ſpeake my Lord.
Al. What can they ſay to ſhield thẽſelues from death?
Gouè. Nothing my Lord, if in your angrie ſpleane
You haue alreadie paſt your ſentence on vs:
But would the Duke of *Alua* coole his rage,
And mildelie heare vs: we would ſay my Lord,
That Englands league with Spaine, King *Phillips* word,
Paſt to our gratious Miſtris, were enough.
To warrant all the liues of any ſuch,
As are her ſubiects in this wretched towne:
And not their liues alone, but ſafe protection
Both for their goods and money: but if now

Your

Your Highnes hath commiſſion to breake
The holie contract which your King hath made,
We muſt be patient and abide the worſt.
Al. Why what art thou that ſtandſt vpon the league?
Go. Gouernor (my Lord) of the Engliſh houſe.
Al. Sirra, you challenge the vertue of the league,
Yet vnderſtand not how the league is made.
So long as you conuerſe not with the foes
Of royall *Philip*, nor withſtand his right,
You are exempt the rigour of his ſcourge;
But being heere, in this rebellious towne,
You muſt partake the puniſhment they feele.
Go. We are not heere great Lord, to ioyne with them
In any bolde confederacie of warre,
But for the traffieke, which all nations elſe,
(As well as England) haue within this place.
Alu. Why left ye not the Cittie then, perceiuing
We meant to call their diuetie to account?
Go. We had no ſigne of any ſuch intent.
Al. You cannot ſo be quit nor ſo excuſ'd,
Therefore prouide before to morrow night,
To bring vnto vs fortie thouſand Crownes,
For ranſome of your houſe; or if you faile,
Both goods and liues ſhall all be forfeited:
So much we are content to yeeld vnto,
Becauſe we will not ſeeme to breake the league.
Go. Alas my Lord, tis more then (at this time)
Our goods and money will amount vnto,
Conſidering that our credit (by this trouble)
Is quite cut off, with any of the Citty.
Alu. Shift as you can, I vow to haue no leſſe,
And at the appointed time. *Exit.*
Ver. Conſider of it,
His fauour's great in giuing you ſuch ſcope. *Exit.*
Go. So is the Cat that dallieth with the mouſe,
But in the end, her paſtime is his death;

We muſt prouide, the Spaniards thirſt is great,
And better that we quench it with our golde,
Than let them ſwallow and carouſe our bloudes:
I prethee *Godfrie* trie thy friendes abroad,
And any money that thou haſt bring foorth,
That we may make the ſumme which he deſires.
God. Ile doe the beſt I can, though hard it be,
To finde a friend in this extreamitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sancto Danila, *an olde Citizen and Soldiers.*

Cit. Let not your roughintreatie ſo moleſt,
The ſoule of him whoſe ſpirit alreadie ſtoopes,
Vnder the heauy burthen of weake age;
You haue my treaſure, what more can you craue?
Dan. Thy life if ſo we pleaſe: there yet remaines
A Iewell of more worth than all thy wealth,
Which (like a mizer) thou didſt hide from vs.
Thou haſt a daughter, whome till we enioy,
All pittie that proceedes from vs, ſits heere,
Vpon the ſharpe point of my Semiter;
Where is ſhe ſpeake?
[illegible] in this tumult.
What [illegible] being than her graue my Lord,
Can be ſuppoſ'd ſhe hath?
Dan. Torture the ſlaue, let
His guilefull heart, that ſtudies to conceale,
My deare hearts treaſure, ſhall be forc't in ſighes
To publiſh, what his ſtubborne tongue denies.
Sol. Thou hearſt olde fellow, trifle than no longer,
But ſhew him where thy daughter doth abide.
Dan. Why pawſe ye on my bidding? let him dye,
That doubles with a Spaniard in his will.
Cit. Heare ye my Lord.
Dan. Not any whiſpering noiſe,
Not any tittle, doth not beare the ſound,

Of

Of beauties ſweet fruition to mine eares.
Cit. My daughter liues, but not within the reach
Of my commaund: a Nunnerie in the armes
Of her religious peacefull priuiledge,
Doth clip her ſilly frighted Virgins life,
From whence my Lord ſhe cannot be recall'd.
Dan. Beare Arte vpon thy tongue, that may vnlocke
The gates of that incloſed Sanctuarie,
And firſt intreate; but if intreatie faile,
Then vſe commaund; if neither will preuaile,
Yet ſo thou ſhalt not ceaſe, but in the cordes
Of violent furie drag the Damſell thence:
My ſoldiers ſhall attend to ſee it done,
That if thou ſhrinke, their weapons naked points,
May gordge thy ſides, till thou bleed out thy life.
Cit. I would that Sacrifice might end this ſtriſe.
Dan. Away with him, loue faints through colde delay,
Tis *Danila* ſpeakes, and what he will he may.

Enter Factor.

Of whence are you?
Fac. Of England Noble Lord,
A Factor to a London Marchant heere,
Who hauing tryed my friends, and ſtrain'd my purſe,
To make my ranſome: am now carrying it
To mightie *Alua*, to redeeme my life.
Dan. What value is it?
Fac. Full fiue hundred Dollors.
Dan. Is this the vtmoſt penny thou canſt make?
Fac. The length and depth of my abilitie.
Dan. It will not ſerue; or ſearch thy cheſt for more.
Or bide the torture we impoſe on ſuch,
As cunningly, withholde what we demaund.
Fac. There is not in the world (that I may call
Rightly mine owne) one Stiuer or one Dowte,
More then is there compriz'd within this bag.
Dan. Giue him the ſtrippado; we will coyne

Our

Out of your diſioynted limmes other ſummes.
Fac. The world doth know, my conſcience and iuſt heauen,
That there is all (at this time) I poſſeſſe.
Dan. Saue what is throwne into ſome hollow vaule,
Or ſunke into ſome Well; or buried deepe
Hoiſe him vp and let him downe againe.
Within the earth: ſo hoiſe the peaſant vp.
Now let him downe; will ye confeſſe as yet,
Where we may finde the treaſure you haue hid?
Fac. That which (my Lord) is not, cannot be hid,
And to ſay that I know not, will but wrong
Your expectation, and deceiue my ſelfe.
Sol. Let him reſt my Lord, it ſeemes the wretch
Argues the troth, and this is all he hath.
Dan. Hence greedy begger, harke (peeld ſheepe)
Goe hide thee in ſome buſh, till waxing houres
Giue thee another fleece to cloath thee with.
Yonder ariſeth the bright morning Starre.

Enter an old citizen with his daughter.

Whoſe rich reſplendour gildes my happy thoughts,
And opens mynes of treaſure to my ſoule;
Welcome faire ſweet, mine armes ſhall be thy throane,
Where ſeated once, mocke death, and laugh to ſcorne,
The boyſterous threates, of bloud be-ſprinckled warre,
Who whilſt he ſhewes wilde Friſcoes in the ſtreetes,
And with his Gamballes, ouerthrowes huge buildings,
Mingle their totter'd ruynes, with the limmes
And Clotted bloud of many thouſand ſoules:
Shall as an Anticke in thy ſight appeare,
Yeelding no more occaſion to be fear'd,
Than painted ſhapes of Lyons on a wall.
Daug. Beholde a Virgin, whoſe diſtilling teares
Turne the drye duſt to paſte, where ſhe doth kneele,
Beholde the Siluer cogniſance of age,

Soyl'd with diſſoluing drops of ſorrows rage?
If me you touch with a laſciuious hand,
As from his eyes deſcendes a flood of teares;
So will you draw a riuer from his heart,
Of his liues blood: both waies you ſhall obſcure,
The honor of your name: if Virgin I,
Or aged he, miſdoe by tyranie.
Cit. Let conqueſt ſatisfie, ſince in the ſtrength
Of your ſucceſsfull power, our Cittie vailes,
And lyes in proſtrate duetie at your feete:
Or if not conqueſt, be appeas'd with golde,
Which in aboundance pleades for our releaſe,
Onely refraine, our conſcience to wound,
With that, for which there is no phiſicke found.
Dan. I am impatient, ſhe ſhall be my loue,
Of all the ſpoiles are reapt by painefull warre,
Blot beautie out, and what's our victorie?
But as a banquet without companie. *Alarum.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. Arme you my Lord, and to the fight againe,
A crew of ſtragling Soldiers (lately vanquiſht)
Haue gathered head, and in the heate of rage,
Giue freſh aſſault: the leader to the reſt,
Is a lame fellow that doth want a legge,
Who layes about him like a deuill of hell.
Dan. A troope of Muskets guarde this damſell hence,
And to my lodging ſee her ſafely brought, *alarum againe*
Why ſtirre yee not? inuiron her with ſhot,
Whilſt we extinguiſh (with a ſhewer of bloud)
This late inkindled fire: be gone I ſay.
Sol. It is impoſſible to paſſe the ſtreetes,
They are ſo peſterd with this brainſicke crew:
And harke my Lord, except you mount be time,
(The clamorous tumult drawes ſo neere this place,)

Both you and we ſhall be ſurpriz'd by them.
Da. Is there no Fortreſſe neere, nor houſe of ſtrength,
Where I may leaue my Loue, till this blacke cloude,
Of ſwolne Hoſtilitie be ouer-blowne?
Sold. Not any (good my Lord) leade on your troopes.
Dan. Then rather than another ſhall inioy,
What *Danila* held eſteemed in his eye,
Heere it began, and heere my loue ſhall dye.
Shootes her with a Piſtoll.
Another Stab her Father, both combinde,
By natures lawes, by natures law ſhall end. *Exeunt*
Stab the olde man.
Enter Leiutenant Vaughan *and Captaine.*
Vaugh. Yet is not *Antwerpe* quite bereft of life,
So long as we two breath, to ſtand for her,
Nor ſhall her ranſacke paſſe, without ſome right
Of iuſt reuenge: witnes this laſt aſſault,
Wherein the Scales of Iuſtice haue been fill'd,
With (at the leaſt) a hundred Spaniards liues,
That thought their victorie to be ſecure.
But who are theſe? a Burger, and with him
His tender daughter, hauing both ſuſtain'd
The heauy ſtroake of death?
Cap. I knew them well.
They were my neighbors, neere vnto the Burſe.
Vau. Had theſe gray hayres retain'd the reuerent worth
Of graue experience, as they might haue done;
And had you bin more rich in inward giftes,
And leſſe magnificent in outward ſhew,
Then had you liu'd, to dye a naturall death:
And you to ſee ſome of his honor'd yeeres.
But pride and luxury, haue euer been,
The gate of miſerie, and nurſe of ſinne:
Yet though you me contemn'd, I grieue your fall,
And will in pitty, giue you buriall. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Lenchy *and* Martin *two little children running.*

Mar. Alas poore *Lenchy*, whether ſhall we goe?
Len. I cannot tell; come *Martin* let vs hide vs.
Mar. Where is my Father?
Len. He is in our houſe.
Mar. Let vs goe thether?
Len. All the ſtreete is full of Spaniards; they haue kil'd
Little *Maria*, and *Hans Vanderbrooke*.
Mar. Ah whether ſhall we goe?
Len. Let's hide vs heere, no Spaniard wil come hether.
Mar. Nay *M. Hulders* Orchard is hard by.
Wee'll get in there, and hyd's among the trees,
Len. Come let vs run, *A great noiſe as they are going.*
Mar. Alas the Spaniard's comming, what ſhal we doe?
Len. Alas poore *Martin* we ſhall both be kil'd.
Mar. Alas poore *Lenchy*, kiſſe me prettie Siſter,
Now we muſt dye.
Len. Let's ſit downe heere, and *Mart.* I wil clip thee in
Mine armes, they ſhall not ſee thee.
Mar. But they will kill thee, (ther?
Alas where is my poore old Father now, and my poor mo-

Enter two Spaniards running, with theyr ſwords drawne.

1 Spa. Kill, kill, kill.
2 Spa. Tue, Tue, Tue, Tue.
1 Spa. Fuora villiaco.
2 Spa. Follow, follow, follow, follow.
Mar. I pray you M. Spaniard hurt vs not,
We are poore children, we haue done no harme.
Len. Good Gaffer doe not kill my little brother.
1 Spa. Fuora villiaco, ſa, ſa, ſa, ſa.
Mar. Ah Maſter Spaniard doe not kill my Siſter,
My father is a poore blinde man, and he will dye,

If you kill her.

2 Spa. Cut the Bastards throates.

The children get fast holde, and hang vpon the Spaniards.

Len. O kill vs not, wee'll hang vpon your armes,
Sweet Gaffer, ſtay and looke me in the face,
Haue you the heart to kill a prettie Girle?

Mar. Good Maſter Spaniard doe not kill vs,
Take any thing we haue, but ſaue our liues.

2 *Spa.* How the young brattes cling about our ſwords?

2 *Spa.* Zwounds, daſh out their braines.

Enter olde blinde Harman *and his wife.*

Har. Where are my children? *Martin*, *Lonchy* ſpeake,
I heard you cry, ſpeake prettie ſoules, where are you?

Wif. Husband, *Harman*, whether will you goe?
Alas you fall into the enemies hands
For lacke of ſight.

Har. My children wife, my children, where are they?

1 *Spa.* Heere you blind traytor, whether you ſhall go,
To your throate-cutting.

Mar. Heere Father, heere, alas we ſhall be kild.

Wif. O my ſweet children,

2 *Sp.* Out you Brabant bitch, thinke you with whining
To preſerue your whelpes?

Wif. O ſpare the infants, and the aged blinde,
Theſe haue not might, nor power to doe you hurt.

1 *Spa.* Cut all their throates.

Har. Kill vs, but let our little children liue.

Len. Helpe mother helpe, or elſe we ſhall be kild.

Har. weeping. Hard harted Soldiers, where haue you bin
Get honour on the proude reſiſting foe,
My ſelfe haue bin a Soldier as you are,
Now blinde with age:
Olde men, weake women, and poore wretched infants,
Should be reſpected in the heate of ſlaughter.

O doe not this foule iniurie to armes;
Let my poore Babies leade me to my graue,
Where are you my poore children?
Har. Father, heere.
Har. Where art thou *Lerchy*?
Ler. Heere poore Father.
Har. Olde as I am, and I haue tolde this towne,
That you ſhould ſacke it, I did propheſie.
2 Spa. Then Prophet, didſt thou propheſie of this?
Stabs the Children.
Wif. Ah bloudie Spaniard, that haſt ſlaine my children.
1 Spa. Bitch, art thou raying? take thou this. *Stabs her.*
2 Spa. And this, *Stabs him.*
Get you together with your damned brats.
Har. O cruel Spaniard that doſt ſpare no age nor ſexe,
Where art thou wife, and my poore little children?
Falles downe.
wif. Their bleſſed ſoules in *Abrahams* boſome reſtes,
Their bodies lye betwixt thy ſelfe and me,
By whome theſe prettie wretches were begot,
O let me ioyne my freezing lips to thine,
Now farewell *Antwerpe*, ſay not we did flye,
Where with thy fall, olde, yong, and all muſt dye.

Enter Alua, *Engliſh Gouernor and ſoldiers.*

Alua. Thinke yee to purchaſe freedome at this rate?
Some thriftles prodigall beſtowes in wine,
Or ſpends in dalliance on his Curtizan,
Fiue thouſand crownes: Iſt like your ſtore affoords
No greater plentie? eyther from your cheſtes,
That ſwell with ſurfet of your auarice,
Raine downe a larger ſhewer of fruitfull golde,
Or tender flowring pittie, nere will ſpring.
Gou. I doe proteſt (my Lord) beſide our Plate,
And houſholde furniture, this is the ſumme,

Of all the wealth, at this time may be found
Within the Engliſh-houſe.
Alu. And is not plate
Good boote for Soldiers? haue you that
And dare yee yet pleade needie pouertie?
Goe fetch it me, or preſentlie Ile ſend
A crew of ſuch ſharpe caruers to your gate,
As ſhall anotamize your panting hearts,
To fill their conquering hands with wiſhed ſpoiles.
Go. The League with Engl. gaue vs better hope. *Exit*
Alu. Talke nor of league nor England, nothing ſound
In our warres muſicke, that can pleaſe the ſence;
Vnleſſe it haue the cheareſull ſound of golde.

Enter Factor.

What's he? examine him: if he bring golde,
Free paſſage haue he; but if emptie be
The hollowes of his hands; or cannot point
By Demonſtration, or expreſſe by ſpeech,
Where it is fled, in this tempeſtious ſtorme,
That we by hugging it, may banniſh feare,
And burniſh her pale cheekes with firmer red,
Let him haue that belongs, the torturing Corde.
Fac. Excuſe my want, that haue alreadie paide
To *Sancta Danila*, fiue hundred Dollors.
Alu. Why not as much to me?
Fac. I haue it not,
Alas (my Lord) conſider of my ſtate,
I am but Factor for another man;
Yet of thoſe goods committed to my charge,
Haue I made bolde (ſo much as I haue ſaid)
To free my life from further preiudice.
Alu. How art thou free, when *Alua* is not fee'd?
Fac. I hope (my Lord) one ranſome will ſuffice,
For one poore life.
Alu. That ranſome let me ſee.

Fac. Tis

Fac. Tis paide (my Lord) to *Sancto Danila.*
Alu. That which he hath is his, and none of mine,
vnleſſe thou canſt transforme vs, and of two
Make but one perſon: goe to, trifle not,
But ſhew me how I may be ſatisfied,
Or bide the perill that enſues thereon.
Fac. More ſatisfaction than I haue (my Lord)
I cannot giue, how ere you torture me.
Alu. That will we try, if roape and Gibbet holde,
Let him indure the puniſhment, he needes
Will wilfully impoſe vpon himſelfe.
Fac. Oh that you would at once with ruthles ſteele,
Carue vp my breſt, and let my bloud ſuffice,
To quench your thirſt for that I cannot giue.
Alu. So, let him downe, ſtand off and giue him ayre,
Speake now, and tell vs where thy coyne is hid?
Fac. Will yee beleeue me if I ſpeake the truth?
Alu. So it be truth which thou intendes to ſpeake.
Fac. As I doe hope this troubled ſoule of mine,
Which now is ready to forſake this fleſh,
Shall finde a reſting place with my redeemer:
The coyne you ſeeke, and all the coyne I haue,
Lyes in the Coffers of proude *Danila.*
Alu. Lye there and pine then, for deluding me. *Exit.*

Enter Verdugo.

Fac. Heere comes another; many ſtrokes (at laſt)
Cut downe the ſtrongeſt Oake, much more, the tree
Hath but a few yeares growth; and that by ſtormes,
And often whirle-windes ſhaken and decayed.
Ver. Haſt thou bin lately falne into the hands
Of ſuch as haue had ryfling of thy purſe?
Fac. I haue good Sir.
Ver. What art, a Cittizen?
Fac. Euen what ye will, a miſerable man.
Ver. It ſeemes, I come too late to profit by thee?

Fac. You

Fac. You may immagine by my ſicke faint ſpeech,
And by my faltring limmes diſtract and ſeuer'd,
Whether I haue bin tortur'd, yea or no.
Ve. Did they then torture thee for that thou hadſt?
Fac. They did and had it.
Ver. Nothing then remaines?
Fac. Nothing but this poore miſerable life,
Which I would gladly were ſurrendred too.
Ver. They for that thou hadſt, did torture thee,
I ſee that thou haſt not: heere wee'll put
A period to thy daies. Hang him out-right,
And ſo ſpeed all, whoſe naked indigence,
Haue not to feede *Verdugo* for expence. *Exit.*
Fac. My deſtiny, was to dye this ſhamefull death,
Which I accept with thankes to him that giues it,
And England now and London both farewell,
Let after times of Spaniſh rygor tell. *Hang him.*

Enter Van End *and a Burgers wife.*

Van. Thus will I feaſt my ſelfe with *Antwerpes* ſpoile,
And glut my pyning ſoule with tragicke Acts,
Say pamperd Froe, where is thy treaſure hid?
Speake truth, or breath thy laſt vpon this ſteele,
The bloudy temper'd torment of this towne.
Ile batter downe your pride from whence it came,
And with your ornaments adorne vaſt hell.
wif. Spare me *Van End* I am a harmeles woman,
Aſtoniſht vnto death with frighting wordes,
Refraine thy deedes, and let the ſtronger ſort,
Be miſerable patients of thy wrath
Van. Pittie preuailes not, treaſure is the fee,
That bribes the terror of my threatning breſt;
And therefore ſpeake, elſe haſt thou ſpoke thy laſt.
wife. Within that vault lyes all my wretched wealth,
My golde, my plate, my Iewels all are there.

Van. Then

Van. Then, there's that heape of glorie lyes for me,
Which is the way?

She puſhes him downe.

wif. That is the curſed way,
Goe thou accurſt into that ſhade of hell,
The Image of that euerlaſting night,
Where thy damn'd ghoaſt muſt dwel exempt from light.

Enter Stumpe.

Stum. What ſtirre is heere? what diſcontented rumor
Sendes ſecond meſſage to my dull ſtrucke dayes,
Accuſtom'd to the ſcreeching yell of death?
Lady, what grieuance? what is there to doe?

Wif. Oh gentle Soldier, heauen hath got me triumph,
Ouer that hell-borne furie, damn'd *Van End*,
That ſolde the beautie of this famous towne:
And rauiſht *Antwerpe* of her Maiden ioy.

Stum. For Gods ſake let me come plague the dog,
Ile ſtone the Iew to death, and paint this Vault
With the vnhallowed bloud of wicked treaſon:
Heere, weare this waightie Iewell in thy hat,
The towne hath ſent it for a token ſlaue; *Throw ſtones.*
I bought this with the groate you gaue me ſir; *Another ſto.*
Soldiers muſt loath deſpiſ'd ingratitude.
This woman for her ranſome ſends you this; *another.*
Giue theſe two vnto *Charon* for your paſſing. *another.*
And with this laſt, preſent grim *Belzebub*. *another.*
So ſleepe thy ſoule with princely *Lucifer*,
And take ſuch fare as treaſon will affoord.
Come Lady, thus you ſee good friends muſt part,
Lament not for his loſſe his tyme was come,
And friendes from friends, muſt eyther goe or run.

Enter three or foure ſoldiers.

1 Sol. You ſee that all is loſt, all ſpoilde and ſackt,

What thinke you the beſt courſe to get away?

2 Sol. Is there no place of ſtrength, nor hope of ſafetie?

3 Sol. No hope but death, for three daies being paſt
Since the firſt entred; now being in colde bloud,
The Spaniard is as hot in execution,
As the firſt houre he entred on the towne.

1 Sol. Like maymed men let's paſſe out one by one,
The ſafeſt way and with the leaſt ſuſpect.

2 Sol. Diſſeuering of our ſelues, and knowne for
Wallons, ther's not a man of vs ſhal paſſe the gates.

Enter Stumpe *and hearing them.*

3 Sol. And if we troope thus as we doe together,
We ſhall be put to ſwoord immediately.

1 Sol. It were beſt to ſeeke ſome low part of the wall,
On the moate ſide, and ſo eſcape by ſwimming.

2 Sol. The Courts of guard, and Sentenels are kept,
And there's no hope of that.

Stumpe. Harke you hark you, whether wil you flye? I wold know that; sbloud whether? whether? ha; where will you be receiu'd? there's not a towne dare receiue you: the Spaniard has all the country; you cannot ſtragle a foote out of the walles, but your throates are cut; what haue you to carry with you, but your ſcuruie notch'd limmes? you damn'd roagues, whether will you goe, to feede Wolues? A you whorſon raſcals; and though theſe villanous Burgers haue (by their owne ſecuritie) beene the deſtruction of the Cittie, a pox on them: yet it will bee laide to our charge, becauſe we were in it.

1 Sol. By the mas the olde Lieuetenant ſayes true, it wil be ſo indeed.

Stum. You are all Wallons, but in the miſerableſt caſe that euer poore ſlaues were in: for you ſee, that if any man hate a man, call him but Wallon, the Spaniards cut his throate, what country-man ſo ere he be.

2 Sol. Nay it is very true, it is moſt ſure.

Stum. The

Stu. The Dutch on the other ſide, they hate you worſe then Deuils, becauſe the Spaniards entred where you kept the Trenches.

3 Sol. Villaines doe queſtionles, nay it is certaine.

Stum. What will you doe then? heere is my poore ſtumpe and I haue ſtumbled through a thouſand ſhot, & yet we halt together; there was neuer one poore peece of Timber has been ſo findg'd as it has been: zbloud it has been foure times a fire vnder me, and yet we ſcramble together trotting, trotting: You'll bee ſtaru'd euerie mothers Sonne of yee, and worried with dogs, and yet you'll flye.

1 Sol. Why Lieuetenant *Vaughan*, what would yee haue vs doe?

Stum. Dye like men, what ſhould we doe, if there were any hope of ſafety but there is not, there is not.

2 Sol. Leiuetenant *Vaughan*, leade vs, and wee'll follow you to the death.

3 Sol. Wee'll not forſake you to the laſt gaſpe.

Stum. Yes, Ile halt before you, follow mee as ſtraight as you can

1 Sol. Yes, and cut ſome of their throates before wee dye.

Stum. They ſay the Spaniards and their whoores are at dice vpon the Change: Ile lay my wodden legge afore them, catt at it who will; but who ſtands there?

Enter the Captaine.

Cap. It is Leiuetenant *Vaughan* as I take it, Leiuetenant what newes?

Stum. What newes quoth our Captaine! where haue you been?

Cap. I tooke the Friery to eſcape the Spaniards.

Stum. Well, I haue ſeene the day Captaine, you had rather been a cuting throates, then at a Maſſe, twas not de-

motion draue you to the place? ſo Captaine, Captaine, the world is turn'd: doe you remember the greate they offered me, when you came to trayne Soldiers? ha, giue him a greate? ha ha, I haue ſince that ſeene their Miſtreſſes ſetting-ſticke lug'd by a lowzy Lackey, as naked as a new ſhau'd Water-dog: & Lord why went you to the Fryery? why to the Fryerie?

Cap. What ſhould I doe when the poore Wallons
fighting at the Trenches,
The Spaniards entring on the counterſcarſe,
Had not a Soldier ſent to ſecond them.
The great ſwolne bellyed Burgers get browne Billes,
As to driue raſcall beggers from their doores;
The madding people ſo amaz'd with feare,
That turning head with euery little noiſe,
Stope vp the entrance of the ſtreetes with throngs,
That when Count *Egmont*, *Hauury* and the reſt,
Call'd to the Burgers for ſupplyes of men,
The vncertaine murmure of the multitude,
Increaſt but the confuſion of the towne:
The villanous and daſtard recreant Almaines,
Kneele to the Spaniards, caſting downe their armes.

Stum. A thoſe Almaines, thoſe Almaines, they cryed liue Spaniards: a vengeance take them, they were cal'd hygh Almaines, but they are low enough now; for a number of them are cut off by the waſte: you may call them blanch'd Almaines and you wil, for their guts are blanch'd about their heeles.

Cap. By theſe diſorders of witleſſe Towneſ-men,
Perceiuing that the Spaniards would preuaile;
What ſhould I doe but ſhift to ſaue my life?

Stu. Capt. your life's in as great danger now as ere it was,
The Spaniard is as cruell in colde bloud as ere he was;
O Captaine, Captaine, where is *Antwerpe* now?
It is my native place, where ſhould I then be free,
If made a ſlaue, where I was freelie borne?

Ther's

Ther's not a towne almoſt in Brabant now,
That giues a man the ſafetie of a night:
What ſhould we then doe liuing?
Haue you and I ſeene that, that we haue ſeene,
And come to this?
If you reſerue the courage you were wont,
Of a braue Soldier and a Gentleman,
Let's doe ſomething yet worthy the talking of,
I haue wonne a companie of poore hurt Soldiers,
Yet able to welde weapons and to fight.

1 Sol. And we will follow you, liue or dye:

2 Sol. Loue life and loue death.

3 Sol. Through *Aluas* quarter.

Stum. Why brauely ſpoke,
If you will take ſuch part then as we doe,
Helpe me to leade theſe ſtragling companies,
And wee'll amongſt their quarters ere we dye.

Cap. My hand and heart, and doe engage my ſoule.

Stu. Why then come lads, why this is reſolu'd like men,
If we muſt goe, wee'll goe together then. *Exeunt.*

Enter two ſoldiers leading in the fat Burger in a Corde.

1 Sol. Confeſſe ye ſlaue where thou haſt hid thy money,
Or we will hang thee on a Gibbet ſtraight.

Bur. That euer I was borne; Gentlemen beleeue me,
I haue no more than what I tolde you of,
Some thouſand Gilders in my counting houſe.

2 Sol. You haue no more than?

Burg. Not as I haue faith
To God, and to the ſafetie of my Country.

2 Sol. Then hang him preſentlie.

Bur. Nay curteous Gentlemen,
As you are Spaniards famous for your actes,
Let me not dye.

1 Sol. The roague would flatter vs;

Sirra, immagine tis too weake a key,
To tune our hearts to, when the cryes of Babes,
Screekes of diſtreſſed women and olde men,
Haue not preuail'd to quallifie our rage:
Let vs diſpatch him.
Bur. Gentlemen, but heare me.
2 Sol. If thou canſt tell vs where thy treaſure's hid,
Or elſe for euer let thy lips be dumbe.
Bur. Alas would yee haue me lye?
1 Sol. Stay fellow Soldier,
I haue bethought me of a prettie tricke,
To ſift this butter-box a better way:
Wee'll tye him by the thumbes vnto this poaſt,
And tickle him vntill he doe confeſſe.
2 Sol. Content yfaith, ſo at the leaſt, ſuppoſe
We get no money, yet we ſhall haue ſport.
Bur. Nay Gentlemen.
1 Sol. Sirra, apply your wits,
Or with my ſwoord Ile hacke your Filchers off.
Bur. O that I were in'th bottom of my Seller.
2 Sol. Is thy money hid there? ſpeake?
Bur. No truelie ſir,
But then I hope I ſhould not hang byth thumbes.
1 Sol. He dallyes with vs, tickle him a good.
Bur. Oh God, God, what ſhall I do, ſweet gentlemen.
They tickle him.
2 Sol. Confeſſe then, ſirra.
Bur. O Lord I ſhall ſound,
By theſe ten endes, I haue nor plate nor coyne,
Your Generall and Countrimen haue all.

Alarum, enter Stumpe *and* Captaine, *the Spaniards fly.*

Cap. What baue we heer, a Burger tyed byth thumbs?
Stum. It is the Tallow-cake, the Rammiſh Fat,
That would not giue a penny to a Soldier,

I know him well; now Sir how feele your ſelfe?
Bur. Oh Gentlemen neuer ſo much diſtreſt.
Stum. Your greazie panch will not defend you then?
Bur. Not from theſe Spaniards, they are deuils I think,
Nay farre more couetous than deuils of hell.
Stum. You cannot ſatiſfie them with a groate,
But if I ſhould requite thy vilde contempt,
Heere ſhould I leaue thee, that as thy treaſure
Has bin a pray to their deuouring luſt,
So in this dung-hill of thy carryon fleſh,
Their rauenous ſwoords might finde a durtie feaſt,
For naught but draffe art thou compoſed of:
Nor fit for any thing but to feede wormes,
Yet thou ſhalt finde a difference twixt my thoughts
And the baſe temper of thy muddy minde:
Goe liue, if thou canſt ſcape their bloudie hands,
Till want and beggerie cut ſhor tthy daies.
Bur. I thanke you ſir; I haue (for all their threates)
One bag of Dollors caſt into a well,
And that Ile giue yee for this friendlie ſuccour.
Stu. Hence tumbrell from my ſight, when boũty might
Haue calm'd my ſharpe affliction, then thy hand
Was faſt cloſd vp; but now it is too late,
Thou wouldſt ſeeme prodigall, away baſe churle.
Bur. Let me intreate you ſir, to take that ſumme,
My heart repents me much, for what is paſt.
Stum. Guts, trouble me no more.
Bur. The Lord preſerue you ſir,
Surely you ſeeme an honeſt Gentleman.
Cap. Wilt thou leaue off thy prating and be gone?
Bur. With all my heart ſir, and I thanke you too. *Exit*
Cap. How like *Leuiathan*, his clumſie limbes
Walke not but tumble, that ſad common wealth,
Nourceth ſuch Droanes to ſucke her honny vp,
In time of need ſhall finde as ſmall ſupply,
As he hath been to *Antwerpes* wretchednes:

But valliant Soldier, what is now to doe?
Stum. What, but to hunt the foote-ſteps of pale death,
Vntill we rouze him in his ſooty caue,
There, will no proſpect of our Countries fall,
Offend our eye-ſight; there no treacherie
Of haughty Spaniards treade a bloudy March;
Nor any baſe obiection oft ingrate,
And thankeleſſe Cittizens ſit in our doores:
But we ſhall quietly inioy the peace,
For which we breath; there ſhall we be ſecure,
There free from thought of this worlds miſerie,
And there indeede finde true felicitie:
For there our trauell ſhall be recompenc'd,
Our loue requited, and our wounds repayde
With double merrit. Haſte then vnto the place,
Vpon the earth is nothing but diſgrace.
Cap. I flye with thee true honourable minde,
And we together will that Mancion finde. *Exeunt.*

Alarum and excurſions, enter Stumpe *and* Captaine, *bloudy and wounded.*

Stum. See Captaine, now I haue it on my breſt,
The Honourable cogniſance of death,
This purple riuer, from this weeping fount,
More glads and quickens my decayed ſpirit,
Than euer chriſtall ſpring in heate of Summer:
The weary traueller, his ſtrength reuiues,
To draw out tedious houres ſtill on earth,
But mine doth floriſh to poſſeſſe, anon
The bleſſed hauen of eternity.
Cap. I truſt I ſhall be there with as much ſpeed,
My paſport (I doe thinke) the Spaniards
Has ſeal'd as deeply, and my iourney layde
With no leſſe eaſie trauell to be there.
See, if thy bleeding woundes can ſpeake to me,

Mine

Mine can as faſt make anſwere vnto thine.
Stum. Let me imbrace this ſweet affinity,
Like in our liues agreeing in our deathes:
But what doe I behold? thine eye-lids faint,
And the warme touch of thy deſired cheeke,
Begins to freeze; wilt thou anticipate
Thoſe ioyes before me? gentle Captaine ſtay,
There's but a minute that deuides our hopes:
Oh he is dead, may his departing ſoule,
Vſher my ſpirit aboue thoſe fleeting clowdes:
Death, why delayſt thou? ſet thy lazy hand
To the deuorcement of my loathed fleſh.
I am prepar'd, my penitent ſad thoughts,
Haue long agoe waſht my contagious ſinne:
The bloud that I haue ſpilt (the Maſſacres
Procur'd and practiſ'd by this hand of mine)
Heauen lay not to my charge; for though my ſword
Was neuer drawne but in a rightfull cauſe,
Yet much miſpriſion hath attended it;
That, and all elſe, this ſigh craues pardon for,
Mine eyes were nere accuſtomed to teares,
Let it ſuffice, theſe woundes doe weepe for them:
Antwerpe farewell, if thou haue done me wrong,
This lateſt gaſpe, ſends pardon from my tung. *A florish.*

Enter in triumph, with Drum, Colours and Soldiers,
Sancto Danila.

Dan. Now warre hath wrapt his bloudy colours vp,
And ſheath'd his fatall ſwoord with his, we ours,
Prefixing truce to our laborious armes;
This Cittie late of chriſtening the fame,
For wealth and glorie: now remaines the Map,
Of ſad deſtruction and perpetuall ruyne;
Her ſtreetes lye thwackt with ſlaughtered carkaſſes,
Her houſes that before were ſtuft with pride,
Are left as naked as the wildernes.

Oh in remorſe of humaine clemency,
My heart (me thinkes) could ſigh, my eyes ſhed teares,
To call to minde and ſee their miſery:
But they were wanton and laſciuious,
Too much addicted to their priuate luſt:
And that concludes their Martirdoome was iuſt.
Holde, one of you, conuay this ſerious letter
To warlicke *Alua*, tell him as he wil'd,
After my forces lodg'd in Gariſon,
Ile meete his Grace at *Bridges*, and from thence
Acquaint the Court of *Spaine* with our ſucceſſe;
Pray God the tyrany expreſt in *Antwerpe*,
Like to the ecchoing clamour of a Trumpet,
Speake not our deedes before our owne approach.
1 Sol. My Lord, behold where lye the mangled bodies
Of thoſe two fierce aſſailing Brabanters,
That all this while kept vs at ſuch a bay,
And when we thought the towne was wonne, procur'd
So great a deluge of *Iberian* bloud.
2 Sol. Let's drag them at our horſes tayles my Lord,
And as we paſſe through euery towne and village,
Make them example to the world for pride?
Don. Who toucheth them but in diſgrace, my ſwoord,
Shall lop his arme off, were they proude ſayſt thou?
Their pride was honourable, deſeruing loue
Rather then hate; nay ſhould we doe them right,
Had they been ſtrengthned with conuenient ayde,
We had been beaten from the towne againe,
And made exchange of conqueſt: which ſubdu'd,
There neuer liued two more Heroycke ſpirits,
That for their Country haue deſeru'd as much,
To be renouned; as euer *Curtius* was,
Or Romaine *Decius*, or the two valliant *Cocles*;
They for their country could but looſe their liues,
Theſe haue inequall ſeruice done as much.
Take vp their bodyes; often thouſand others,

Refe

Reft by our ſwoords, and left vnburied,
Theſe two will we in perſon ſee inter'd,
And doe them right, the law of Armes requires;
So march we hence, ſtriking a mournfull ſound,
Till we haue layde our honourd foes in ground. *Exeunt.*

Epilogus.

Enter Time.

Time. *THus worldings, Time in his vnwonted loue,*
Hath ſtay'd his courſe, to rubbe the memor,
Of actions long ſince caſt behinde his backe,
His care is fruſtefull, and doth wiſh to ſee
No heauy or diſaſtrous chaunce befall
The Sonnes of men, if they will warned be:
But when they ſpurne againſt my diſcipline,
Waſting the treaſure of my precious houres:
No maruaile then, like miſery catch holde
On them, did faſten on this wofull towne,
Whoſe bleeding fortune, whoſe lamenting cryes,
Whoſe ſtreetes beſmear'd with bloud, whoſe blubred eyes,
VVhoſe totter'd walles, whoſe building's ouerthrowne,
VVhoſe riches loſt, and pouerty made knowne:
May be a meane all Cityes to affright,
How they in ſinne and pleaſure take delight.

FINIS.